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Devilish Dreams



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Chapter 1 by PyromaniacSoap

The terrible idea that every step that peter took, removed a little part of his body. This horrible maze of rooms inside this particular location of the dream was kind of ironic to the situation. The large hospital in which endless hallways of pain, surrounded by surgeons and doctors who could do nothing to help him or stop his pain. Step, step. Each one taken toward his freedom, each one removing a piece of himself from the world. Each one making his body exploding with pain. Whoever dreamed up this nightmarish place was a pure sadist! Wait... It was him.

Chapter 2 by 20hupj



Peter was no ordinary boy who just saw a dream. He lived in the dream, he could taste, touch, hear, smell and see the world around him. That dagger that pierced his flesh in last nights dream left him enveloped in pain. That sad song in tomorrows dream will leave him crying after he hears it.

But most importantly, his dreams where real. A bullet wound left him waking up with blood covering his sheets. Imagine explaining that to his Mum. The desert storm tore his pj's and that broken arm from falling of a building was there when he woke up.

Everything was real. If he died in the dream, he would wake up. Just like his father.

He needed to get out of it.

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Chapter 3 by Melody Ester



The world shatters.

Lately, Peter had been slacking of sleep. He was too afraid to dream. With his constant nightmares, he would no longer feel safe while sleeping. He prayed for answers, but nothing came. So he sits there every night, hoping to one day be able to have 30 minutes of sleep. Today was that day. He had tried not to, but that week had thrown him around and he was too tired to stay awake. He knew bad things were to happen. He just knew.

His dream started off fine. He woke up to breakfast being served by his mother with his little sister running around, holding her doll. He walked into the dinning room and sat down. Everything was peaceful. Make that almost peaceful. A loud "thud" noise took place outside and he ran up, knowing his sister had run outside to play with her doll more. As he opened the door, the world was now a different color. Red was all over. Ringing took over his ears and he covered them. Peter looked for his sister, hoping the best for her. Everywhere he looked and the more he moved, the world was shattering. Blood spilled into the holes dug by the bombs everywhere. His little sister was nowhere to be found.

"Look at what you did!" I look around and see- my father! He shouts at me.

"This is all your fault! Your sister, soon your mom. Everything is your fault!" He cries out, spit flying all over showing his insane side.

"Dad, what are you saying? This isn't my fault!" I start tearing up and slowly back up trying to pull away from his forceful field of pain and sorrow.

"I'm trying okay? Taylor is fine! And mom will be too!" He doesn't listen. I was trying to convince myself anyways. Behind me, a bomb sounds and my body is flown into the air. My dad stares at me, still yelling. Everything goes black as impact from the ground sizzles in my body. All I can do is hear the world crumble around me.

Chapter 4 by Melody Ester



"Peter!" I'm awoken by my mother calling my name. My body shoots up and I am sitting up, sweating with pains I cannot begin to explain. My head aches, so I feel it. I flinch, feeling a huge area on my head full of blood. I go to the bathroom and look in the mirror. As I move towards the mirror, I fall on the floor, hitting my head....again! I pass out into the black again.

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I open my eyes and there is a mor... eat me. Wait, take it back, it's just my sister's doll. I look... on my knees and I don't let go.

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"Peter! What's wrong with you!" Taylor starts hitting me with her doll and I finally let go. She looks at my head and gasps.

"Mo-"

"Don't tell her!" I cover her mouth so that she can't scream out to my mom. If she sees another injury, she will freak and take me somewhere I don't want to go.

"What happened? Are you okay?" She has noticed my scars and injuries before. I just look into her eyes and ignored the question.

"Go tell mom I'll be right down for breakfast. Make sure you eat too, Taylor. You need to stay strong so you can keep me in place!" I plant a kiss on her forehead and she goes off running proudly. She loves to take care of me. I look back up at the mirror and see that she had dabbed my forehead with a wet towel to clean up the blood. Although there was still a lot of skin loss, Taylor had cleaned it up pretty good. It's sad how young she is, being 9 and all, and having to clean up her brother's wounds every week. I look down to my torso area and notice a huge bruise on my ribs. It was dark...REALLY dark. I knew right away I had broken bones. A sigh came out and pain shot through me. It was going to be a tough day.

I walked down the stairs to see my mom putting our breakfast on serving plates. She sees me and stares at my forehead. I ignore it and take my place at the table, next to my sister. She has her apple juice at her ready. She looks at me and I wink and smile to her. She laughs and then looks at mom, who is moving around the kitchen, humming to herself. She does this when she is nervous, scared or is trying to ignore something. I know she is scared about me, but I can't raise myself to talk to her about my dreams. She already lost dad. She doesn't need me to disappear too.

We eat breakfast in peace and talk about our plans for the day, laughing about whatever we can. Afterwards, I clean up the kitchen and table with mom, while Taylor runs around with her doll as always. As I wash the dishes, mom puts more dishes in and then wipes the table. A little while later, we are done and we just stand there.

"Peter, we both know it's time to talk." Her words leave a sharp ring in my ears. This is the moment I've been dreading.

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